The Auction

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by potter717 [archived by HPFandom_archivist]

Summary

No plot! Draco buys Harry at a bachelor auction and smut ensues! ;)

Notes

Note from SeparatriX, the archivist: this story was originally archived at HP Fandom, which was closed for health and financial reasons. To preserve the archive, I began manually importing its works to the AO3 as an Open Doors-approved project in August 2016. I e-mailed all creators about the move and posted announcements, but may not have reached everyone. If you are (or know) this creator, please contact me using the e-mail address on HP Fandom collection profile.

Harry opened his eyes and knew immediately that something was wrong. He tried to sit up and found he was bound to some sort of table. He sat up enough to see that he was naked and his panic level rose. The last thing he remembered was someone buying him at Hermione's stupid Bachelor Auction to raise money for S.P.E.W. Before he could find out who had bought him he's blacked out. This was not a promising way to wake up. He started pulling on the binds trying to free himself.
"There's no use…they're not coming off until I take them off." Harry heard and he froze, his head turning wildly to see who was there with him. Suddenly Draco walked into his sight and Harry started struggling again. Draco laughed to himself and walked up to the table.
"Let me go!" Harry shouted. Draco placed his finger lightly on Harry's temple and traced the side of his face, down his neck and over his shoulder. Goose bumps erupted on Harry's skin and Draco smiled wider. "What the hell are you doing?"
"What I've wanted to do for a long time…." Draco said, walking away from the table. "I've never known how to tell you before, and then I heard about the auction and I couldn't help myself."
Harry strained his head to keep Draco in view but it wasn't working. "What the hell are you talking about? Are you going to kill me?" He heard Draco laugh again and he stretched his neck farther, still unable to see anything. When he went to put his head down, the top part of the table had disappeared and his head hung down at his neck. "What is going on?"
"Harry, I'm not going to kill you." Draco said, walking back over to the table. He held in his hand something pear-shaped with a small handle that made Harry's eyes widen. "All and all you might even feel more alive when we're done."
"What the hell are you going to do?" Harry asked. Draco grabbed the back of his head and pulled it up, leaning forward so their lips were only inches apart. Suddenly Draco leaned forward and pressed their lips together, his hand stopping Harry from pulling away. He forced his tongue into Harry's mouth, his hand balling up and grabbing a fistful of his hair. Finally Draco pulled away with a gasp, letting Harry's head hang back down. Harry was trying to process what had just happened when he felt Draco's finger on his hole. Harry's eyes bugged out of his head as he raised it up. "Don't! What the fuck are you--" The rest of his sentence was cut off by a loud grunt and Draco forced his finger in.
"I have to get you ready for what's coming." Draco said, adding a second finger.
"Fuck!" Harry gasped, his breathing speeding up. He lifted his head again but could only see Draco standing at the end of the table, his eyes moving over Harry's body and his hand moving back and forth. Harry hated to admit it, but it actually felt good. He opened his mouth to ask for more, but Draco met his eyes at that moment and Harry dropped his head again, cheeks burning red.
"Do you want more?" Draco asked and stopped moving his hand. Harry nodded but realized Draco couldn't see his head. Draco's fingers simply sat inside Harry making his hips involuntarily lift up for some kind of movement. "You have to say it."
"More! God damn it, I want more!" Harry gasped and Draco added a third finger, scissoring them to open Harry wider. Then he pulled out his fingers and placed his toy on the entrance. Harry closed his eyes and waited, squeezing them as Draco slowly pushed it into Harry.
"Ugh, fuck!" He felt a hand behind his head and opened his eyes in time to meet Draco's lips. This time Harry kissed back hard, pulling his arm in attempt to grab on to Draco. His hips were bucking up as he tried to get used to the toy filling him up. Draco pulled away and walked to the head of the table and Harry dropped his head in attempt to follow him. Draco's

cock was level with Harry's mouth.
"Open your mouth." Draco said stepping closer.
"Wait, I don't--" Draco stepped forward again and pushed his cock into Harry's mouth. Harry gagged slightly before Draco pulled back, then pushed forward again. Harry moved his tongue around, making circles with it while Draco thrust in and out of his mouth. Draco was moaning and holding Harry's shoulders, his hips settling into a quick steady rhythm. Throaty grunts escaped Harry with every thrust as Draco's balls grazed Harry's nose. Suddenly Draco gripped Harry's shoulders hard and pulled out, grunting as he moved to the side of the table and pulling Harry in for another kiss.
"Your turn." Draco said against Harry's lips, and started kissing down his neck, slowly moving over his chest and down his stomach. Harry's hole was pulsing over the toy, his body aching for some kind of movement; Draco, however, was taking his sweet time. The table piece behind Harry's head returned and raised up slightly, allowing him to watch Draco. Draco wrapped a hand around Harry's cock and winked at him before taking it into his mouth.
"God, Draco…." Harry breathed, watching as Draco's head moved up and down, his tongue swirling around his cock. Draco's cheeks hollowed as he took slow, long pulls before setting a rythym, Harry's hips moving opposite as he tried to stay in Draco's mouth. The combination of the dildo and Draco's warm mouth was driving him crazy and he felt his cock swelling, ready to burst. "Fuck, Draco, I think I'm going to come…ugh, shit!" Harry breathed, his words coming out in rasps as he tried to keep control. Draco slowed down and massaged Harry's balls. "Oh, fuck! Draco…I'm--" Draco popped the cock out of his mouth and gripped the base, causing Harry to grunt in frustration and lay back down.
"Not yet." Draco said, standing up straight. He placed his finger on the dildo and shook it, making Harry's hips shoot up with a sling of curses. Draco gripped the handle and slowly pulled, watching as the muscle stretched, hugging the curve of the dildo. After the widest part it slipped right out, leaving the hole open and pulsing. Harry was breathing heavy as Draco sat it down on the table. He stepped forward and pressed his cock against the hole. "God, you're still so fucking tight!" he said and pushed in. Harry tried to push back into Draco, his body begging for more.
"Fuck!" Harry said as Draco pushed deeper and deeper, his balls finally resting on Harry's ass. Draco leaned forward and stared at Harry, whose eyes were wide and darkened with pleasure. "Move, damn it!" Draco smiled and pulled out to the head, thrusting back into Harry. "Fuck yeah!" Harry said, moving his hips faster and trying to make Draco so the same. Draco took the hint and grabbed Harry's hips, pounding into him. "Yes! God, Draco, fuck me!" Harry said, surprising himself with the force of the words. Harry stretched his hand down but the binds wouldn't let him reach his cock. "Please, let my hand loose!" Harry said.
"I"ll—do—it." Draco said between thrusts, reaching forward and grabbing Harry's cock. He started moving his hand up and down, matching the fast rhythm of his hips. Harry raised himself up onto his elbows as much as the binds would allow and watched Draco fucking him, his hand working his cock. Their eyes met and Draco leaned forward and kissed Harry hard, putting his other hand behind Harry's head.
"Fuck!!" Harry shouted against Draco's mouth as this new angle caused Draco's cock to hit Harry's prostate. He squeezed around Draco's cock as every thrust sent pleasure coursing through his body. "I can't hold on any more! I'm coming! I'm--" Harry grunted loudly, throwing his head back and squeezing his eyes shut. Come shot onto Draco's stomach and dripped down onto his own, his body shaking with the orgasm. Draco sped up even more, gripping Harry's hips and finally pushing into him hard, grunting as come shot into Harry.

Harry dropped onto the table and Draco collapsed on top of him, his head resting on Harry's chest. With a loud pop the binds disappeared and Harry brought his arms up, rubbing the red marks on his wrists. Then he let his hands drop, resting one on Draco's head. Draco turned his head so his chin was on Harry's chest and Harry lifted his head to look down at him. "Can you not tie me up next time? It's not as fun when I can't do anything."
"Next time?" Draco asked as he pulled out of Harry and stood up. Harry sat up and pulled Draco into a kiss.
"Just don't wait for some silly auction." Harry said and Draco moved in for another kiss, sloppy from both of them smiling.

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